

PHANTOM SHIP

—OR—
The Flying Dutchman.

—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

CHAPTER II.

Philip Vanderdecken, strong as he was in mental courage, was almost paralyzed by the shock when he discovered that his mother's spirit had fled; and for some time he remained by the side of the bed, with his eyes fixed upon the corpse, and his mind in a state of vacuity. Gradually he recovered himself; he rose, smoothed down the pillow, the tears trickled down his manly cheeks. He impressed a solemn kiss upon the pale, white forehead of the departed, and drew the curtains round the bed.

"Poor mother!" said he, sorrowfully, as he completed his task, "at length thou hast found rest—but thou hast left thy son a bitter legacy."

And as Philip's thoughts reverted to what had passed, the dreadful narrative whirled in his imagination and seared his brain. He raised his hands to his temples, compressed them with force and tried to collect his thoughts, that he might decide upon what measures he should take. He felt that he had no time to indulge his grief. His mother was in peace; but his father—where was he?

He recalled his mother's words—"One hope alone remained." Then there was hope. His father had laid a paper on the table—could it be there now? Yes, it must be! his mother had not had the courage to take it up. There was hope in that prayer, and it had lain unopened for more than seven years.

Philip Vanderdecken resolved that he would examine the fatal chamber—at once he would know the worst. Should he do it now, or wait till daylight?—but the key, where was it? His eyes rested upon an old japanned cabinet in the room; he had never seen his mother open it in his presence; it was the only likely place of concealment that he was aware of. Prompt in all his decisions, he took up the candle and proceeded to examine it. It was not locked; the door swung open, and drawer after drawer was examined, but Philip discovered not the object of his search; again and again did he open the drawers, but they were all empty. It occurred to Philip that there might be secret drawers, and he examined for some time in vain. At last he took out all the drawers, and laid them on the floor, and lifting the cabinet off its stand he shook it. A rattling sound in one corner told him that in all probability the key was there concealed. He renewed his attempts to discover how to gain it, but in vain. Daylight now streamed through the casements, and Philip had not desisted from his attempts; at last, wearied out, he went into the adjoining room, threw himself upon his bed, and in a few minutes was in a sleep as sound as that permitted to the wretch a few hours previous to his execution.

During his slumbers the neighbors had come in, and had prepared everything for the widow's interment. They had been careful not to wake the son, for they held as sacred the sleep of those who must wake up to sorrow. Among others, soon after the hour of noon, arrived Mynheer Poots; he had been informed of the death of the widow, but having a spare hour, he thought he might as well call, as it would raise his charges by another guilder. He first went into the room where the body lay, and from thence he proceeded to the chamber of Philip, and shook him by the shoulder.

Philip awoke, and, sitting up, perceived the doctor standing by him.

"Well, Mynheer Vanderdecken," commenced the unfeeling little man, "so it's all over. I knew it would be so; and recollect you owe me now another guilder, and you promised faithfully to pay me; altogether, with the potion, it will be three guilders and a half—that is, provided you return my val."

Philip, who at first waking was confused, gradually recovered his senses during this address.

(To be continued.)

Friends Well Met.

When true-hearted men in north and south met and understood each other, there was never real enmity between them. A certain Virginian lived near the field of Mechanicsville, where McClellan fought one of his severe battles in the summer of 1862. This man went out to the field, after the northern troops had retired from it, and noticed a little fellow lying, wounded, in the hot sun. As he looked pityingly at the boy, the young fellow gained courage to make a request: "Neighbor, won't you get me a drink of water? I'm very thirsty." "Of course, I will," said the man, and he brought the water. The little fellow was encouraged by this, and he asked again: "Won't you get me taken to the hospital? I'm badly wounded." "Well, now, my boy," said the man, "if I get you taken care of, and you are well enough to go home again, are you coming down here to fight me and my folks once more? How about that?" It was a hard test for a wounded prisoner, but the boy stood it. He looked his captor firmly in the eye, and said: "That I would, my friend." "I tell you," said the Virginian afterward, "I liked his pluck. I had that boy taken to the hospital, and he had good care."

His Idea.

Little Ike—"Fader, vat ish a philanthropist?" Old Swindlebaum—"A philanthropist, mein sohn, ish a man vat induces oder peoples to gif away deir monish mit charity."—New York World.

What She Desired.

Knieker—"I tried to convince my wife that I couldn't afford a new sealskin cloak. Bocker—And did you succeed? Knieker—No, she wanted the argument brought home to her.—St. Louis Star.

BURNED TO DEATH.

NEBRASKA FARMER MEETS A HORRIBLE DEATH.

Places a Partially Lighted Cigar in His Overcoat Pocket, His Coat Catches Fire Burning Him So Badly That Death Follows—Other State News.

As Fred Runger, a farmer living eight miles south of Syracuse, was returning home from Cook, he put a partially lighted cigar in his overcoat pocket. He soon discovered that his coat was on fire. He put it out, or supposed he had. Not long after his coat burst into flame and burned his body so seriously he died from the effects. About three-fourths of his body was burned over. He reached home and medical assistance was sent for, but nothing could be done to save him. He leaves a family and was a respected citizen.

SKIPTON RELEASED.

Secures His Freedom on a Writ of Habeas Corpus.

County Judge Frank Skipton of Fillmore county, who was arrested Friday afternoon, brought before the bar of the house of representatives and sentenced to six hours' imprisonment for contempt in refusing to produce and deliver to the committee on elections the votes cast for representatives in his county last fall, was Saturday released on a writ of habeas corpus issued by Judge Frost, of the district court. The matter came before the judge in chambers early Saturday morning on an application issued by Judge Skipton alleging that he was restrained of his liberty by Sergeant at Arms McLeod and Sheriff Trompen without hearing, judgment or warrant of law. After some parley Judge Frost signed an order in which it is stated that, inasmuch as the matter could not be conveniently heard at that time, the applicant would be released on \$200 bond, which was immediately furnished, and the case heard Tuesday, January 24, at 2 p. m. The speaker of the house has appointed two members, who are lawyers by profession, to appear Tuesday and represent the house in prosecuting Judge Skipton.

BOUQUETS FOR BEVERLY.

Douglas County Representative Recipient of Floral Tributes

Representative Beverly of Douglas county was the recipient of two beautiful bouquets from the employees of the house as a token of appreciation of his speech against "docking" them for time while the house is adjourned. He made a very earnest plea on the floor against such a motion introduced by Wilcox of Lincoln and favored a motion made by Burman of Douglas to indefinitely postpone the matter. His earnestness attracted the attention of the members at the time and the matter was postponed. In recognition of the action the employees remembered Mr. Beverly, Burns of Lancaster in a facetious manner moved that all bouquets be placed on the speaker's desk, but Mr. Beverly put in an appearance soon enough to rescind his flowers.

Dead Infant Found.

The dead body of an infant was found at Twenty-ninth and Farnam streets, Omaha Friday afternoon at 5 o'clock and taken to 313 South Twenty-ninth street. Coroner Swanson was notified and removed the remains to his undertaking rooms. From the appearance of the remains the coroner thought the body had been dead for three or four days. It was ascertained so it was impossible to tell whether it was white or black.

Contracts Let.

The state printing board met Saturday afternoon and opened bill and let contracts. The work was let to various firms, including the State Journal company, North & Co., Hammond Bros. and the Woodruff Printing company. The big job, being the printing of five volumes of the supreme court reports, was let to the State Journal company.

Royalty Received.

The business houses of Bradshaw were nicely decorated Saturday in honor of Carl R. Schneringer, a soldier of company A, First Nebraska, who came in on the noon train on his return from Manila. He was met at the depot by a squad of the G. A. R. post, the scholars of the public school and almost the entire population of the town.

Morning Fire at Table Rock.

At Table Rock an alarm of fire was heard about 2 o'clock Sunday morning, and on investigation the engine house at the depot was found to be on fire. By dint of hard work the building was saved, the roof being half to two-thirds burned away.

Grip and Pneumonia.

Charles Mallonee of Fremont died after a short illness, of pneumonia. He was taken with the grip, which later developed into the trouble which caused his death. He leaves a family consisting of a wife and three children.

An Epidemic of the Grip

There are a great many cases of la grippe in Fullerton and surrounding country, many entire families being confined to their homes, but no fatal cases so far. The attendance in the schools is materially lessened by the grip and an epidemic of mumps.

Saturday morning Sheriff Snyder of Hebron turned over to the sheriff from Columbus two prisoners captured at Belvedere a few nights ago. They attempted to escape but being under close guard they were retained till the officer who wanted them arrived.

SAD ENDING OF ASHLAND MAN.

Deceived and Robbed, He Virtually Throws His Life Away.

William Hootland, a man who has been a familiar figure in Ashland for nearly a quarter of a century, died recently under painful circumstances. In early life he had been an actor and travelling showman but drifted to this place many years ago and remained. He followed shoe making, but for years his old life and habits would manifest themselves in performances of various kinds. Every one knew him as a hard drinker and dissipated man. About ten years ago he took the cure. He reformed entirely and became another man. His quiet, genial ways won him new friends and he has been constantly seen at church and at social gatherings of all kinds. Every one was glad to help him in the fight he was so successfully making. A month or more ago some scoundrel came to him pretending to be a prosperous farmer up in the county and proposed to set him up in the boot and shoe business. He deceived the old man and got him excited. Then he got him to drinking and robbed him of every dollar of his hard-earned earnings and fled. When the old man found that he was deceived and robbed and disgraced it was all over with him. He gave himself up to the old passion again and died of tremens, a delirium he has had for many years. It is not known that he has a relative on earth or a friend to mourn his death, but there is general sorrow and pity for the kindly old man for the sad ending of his gallant fight and universal horror of the wretch who caused his failure and death.

Discharged Soldiers Talk.

Discharged members of the First Nebraska regiment who are now in Lincoln held a meeting Monday night at the Lincoln hotel. There were about 300 men discharged from the Nebraska regiment at Manila and many of them are in Lincoln. A majority of the boys have taken part in the discussion of Colonel Stotsenburg, who commands the regiment, and at the meeting told what they thought of him. An effort will probably be made to petition Governor Poynter to remove Colonel Stotsenburg and place Lieutenant-Colonel Colton in command. A demand may be made upon the government to produce cablegrams that were sent to the regiment at a time when there was talk of having the regiment returned to America. Some members of the regiment think the officers showed forged telegrams.

Arrested for Horse Stealing.

Oscar Kohlstorf and Mrs. Donella Irwin, the latter a well known quarter of the tenderloin district of Omaha, have been taken to Fremont to answer a charge of horse stealing. They had rented a rig Saturday of Packer & Son in Fremont, and were arrested with it in Omaha Sunday night. When arrested they had a set of new harness, a new saddle and a lot of new clothing in the buggy, which is suspected to have been stolen. The woman claims that she had nothing to do with the thefts more than to take a ride with the man.

Reduce Price of Gas.

The city council of Lincoln has passed a gas ordinance, introduced by Mr. Mockett two weeks ago. The vote on the ordinance stood eight for the three against it. Ayes: Bailey, Dobson, Elenborn, Webster, Winnett; nays: Giesler, Maline, Stewart. The principal provision of this ordinance makes the net price of gas \$1.35 per 1,000 feet for illuminating as well as fuel gas. Heretofore the price for illuminating gas has been \$2.00 per 1,000 cubic feet, and fuel gas \$1.50 per 1,000 cubic feet, with a ten per cent reduction if paid between the 1st and 6th of the month.

Pronounce It Smallpox.

Frank Brown, a restaurant man of Ord was taken ill recently with what is pronounced smallpox. He did not know what was the matter, but three physicians pronounced it smallpox. Every effort will be made to prevent a spread of the disease.

Heavy Rain at Gordon.

What promised to be the worst storm in years opened at Gordon Monday with a four hours' rain, which later turned to snow, accompanied by heavy wind in the late afternoon and evening. The snow and wind ceased during the night and no great damage was done.

Nuggets of Nebraska News.

Privates Morris, Horacek and Hart of the First Nebraska regiment arrived at Brainerd from Manila. As they alighted from the train they were given a rousing reception by 1,000 people. The boys brought home two trunks full of relics.

George Hughes, charged with criminal assault upon Miss Zella Thomas in the home of her parents in Eagle, about six weeks ago, was arraigned before Judge B. S. Ramsey last Saturday afternoon. A plea of not guilty was entered and Hughes was bound over in \$1,000, and in default was committed to jail.

The vaults of the Commercial National and the Fremont National banks of Fremont are being equipped with up-to-date burglar alarms.

The Rock County State bank at Newport, Rock county, with a paid up capital stock of \$5,000, has been authorized to commence business.

Presidential Postmasters

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—The President nominated these postmasters today:

KANSAS—Charles Smith, Washington; George W. Fort, Stafford; John H. Nichols, Kiowa; William C. Palmer, Jewell; Robert M. McConigal, Colby. MISSOURI—T. L. Crane, Lee's Summit; Albert F. Huggins, Shelbina.

TO BUY FUND WARRANTS.

Treasurer Reserve Authorized to Offer a Premium of 1-3 Per Cent.

At a recent meeting of the state board of public lands and funds the following resolution, introduced by Treasurer Reserve, was adopted:

Whereas, The county treasurers are now making their annual settlement and the state treasurer is receiving a large amount upon principal on school lands, which has increased the permanent funds of the state to a large amount; and

Whereas, There are no bonds on the market which can be bought; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the state treasurer is instructed to buy unregistered general fund warrants to the amount of \$100,000, issued upon the appropriation of 1897, and pay 1 1/2 per cent premium for the same. He is also instructed that when these warrants shall be called for payment and the interest shall be collected on said warrants, that he shall credit an amount from this interest to the permanent school fund sufficient to reimburse said fund for the amount of premium paid, and the balance of said interest shall be credited to the temporary school fund.

CATTLE RANCH TELEPHONE.

Private Enterprise Builds Line Extending 300 Miles.

A telephone company has been formed by Chadron people and articles of incorporation have been filed. It is composed of Bartlett Richards, president; Will G. Comstock, vice president; Charles C. Jamison, secretary. The company is named the Ranch Telephone company, and will extend from Gordon to Chadron, with headquarters at Chadron. The company is capitalized at \$5,000, and will have a complete line of over 300 miles that will tap all towns from Gordon to Chadron and Elsworth, and reach to each of their large and numerous cattle ranches in Cherry county.

The Hub Falls

L. O. Jones, proprietor of the Hub clothing store on Tenth street near O street in Lincoln, has turned over all of his assets to Charles H. Hunt of Chicago, as trustee for the benefit of his creditors. No preferences of any sort are given. All are to share and share alike. The Hub has done a large volume of business, but the goods have been sold on close margins. This, with the large interest account carried on the account of insufficient capital is the cause of the present difficulty.

Fled With His Stepdaughter.

Considerable surprise exists at Crawford over the news that A. Comstock, a farmer living seven miles southwest of town, had eloped with his stepdaughter, a girl of 18 or 20 years. Comstock has been there for fifteen years and was always highly respected. He has been selling his stock and property for some time and has left his wife and two small children practically destitute. All efforts to find the miscreant couple have so far proved fruitless.

Sad Trip of a Little Tot.

Little Helen Messager, a ten-year-old mite of an orphan who has been in California with her grandmother, Mrs. Rose Ritchie, went through Omaha on her way home to Rock Island, Ill. She left California with her grandmother, who died in the drawing room of the Pullman car at Reno, Nev., and the body was taken from the train to be embalmed, while the little girl came to Omaha alone.

Union Pacific Railroad.

The Union Pacific Railroad company has filed with the secretary of state amended articles of incorporation. It increases its capital stock \$27,461,000 and through its general solicitor, Kelly, paid into the state treasury fees thereon to the amount of \$2,754.

Raised His Salary.

On the strength of the school census, County Superintendent George Horst of Polk county, was given a raise of salary to the minimum of \$1,000 a year by the county commissioners at their last meeting. For a few years past the salary has been at \$800.

LITTLE ITEMS.

Joe Hockett, a brakeman running between St. Joe and Wymore, had a hand crushed at Falls City while making a coupling.

The women of the suffrage association of Table Rock held a successful and interesting banquet Friday evening of last week.

The postoffice safe at Friend was wrecked by burglars by means of explosives, but nothing was secured. The burglars evidently became frightened.

Grip has Wymore in its grasp. Some cases, are serious, having run into pneumonia. It is estimated that over 300 persons are confined to their homes with the grip in some form or another.

The grain elevator at Pleasant Dale, west of Lincoln, was entirely destroyed by fire recently. The loss is large, but believed to be covered by insurance. The elevator is the property of G. W. Lowry, a grain merchant of Lincoln.

Offended the German Consul

MANILA, Jan. 25.—The newspaper America has been suppressed by General Otis, upon the complaint of the German consul, for publishing an article alleging that the Germans in Manila were giving financial assistance to the Filipino cause.

TANGIER, Morocco, Jan. 23.—The government troops commanded by Prince Marani have defeated the Tati rebels in a big battle. The chief rebel's son and nineteen others were decapitated. This is expected to end the rebellion.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)
"That, Philip, I shall never be. I feel that death claims me; and, oh, my son, were it not for you how I should quit this world rejoicing! I have long been dying, Philip—and long, long have I prayed for death."
"And why so, mother?" replied Philip, bluntly; "I've done my best."
"You have, my child, you have; and may God bless you for it. Often have I seen you curb your fiery temper—restrain yourself when justified in wrath—to share a mother's feelings. 'Tis now some days that even hunger has not persuaded you to disobey your mother. And, Philip, you must have thought me mad or foolish to insist so long, and yet to give no reason. I'll speak—again—directly."
The widow turned her head upon the pillow, and remained quiet for some minutes; then, as if revived, she resumed:
"I believe I have been mad at times—have I not, Philip? And God knows I have had a secret in my heart enough to drive a wife to frenzy. It has oppressed me day and night, worn my mind, impaired my reason, and, now, at last, thank Heaven! it has overcome this mortal frame; the blow is struck, Philip—I'm sure it is. I wait but to tell you all—and yet I would not—'twill turn your brain as it has turned mine, Philip."
"Mother," replied Philip, earnestly, "I conjure you let me hear this killing secret. Be Heaven or hell mixed up with it—I fear not. Heaven will not hurt me, and Satan I defy."
"I know thy bold, proud spirit, Philip—thy strength of mind. If anyone could bear the load of such a dreadful tale, thou couldst. My brain, alas, was far too weak for it; and I see it is my duty to tell it to thee."
The widow paused as her thoughts reverted to that which she had to confide; for a few minutes the tears rained down her hollow cheeks; she then appeared to have summoned resolution and to have regained strength.
"Philip, it was of your father I would speak. It is supposed—that he was drowned—at sea."
"And was he not, mother?" replied Philip, with surprise.
"Oh, no!"
"But he has long been dead, mother?"
"No—yes—and yet—no," said the widow, covering her eyes. Her brain wanders, thought Philip, but he spoke again.
"Then where is he, mother?"
The widow raised herself, and a tremor visibly ran through her whole frame, as she replied:
"In living judgment."
The poor woman then sank down again upon the pillow, and covered her head with the bed clothes, as if she would have hid herself from her own memory. Philip was so much perplexed and astounded, that he could make no reply. A silence of some minutes ensued, when, no longer able to bear the agony of suspense, Philip faintly whispered:
"The secret, mother, the secret; quick, let me hear it!"
"I can now tell all, Philip," replied his mother, in a solemn tone of voice.
"Hear me, my son. Your father's disposition was but too like your own. Oh, may his cruel fate be a lesson to you, my dear, dear child! He was a bold, a daring, and, they say, a first-rate seaman. He was not born here, but in Amsterdam; but he would not live there because he still adhered to the Catholic religion. The Dutch, you know, Philip, are heretics, according to our creed. It is now seventeen years or more since he sailed for India in his fine ship, the Amsterdamer, with a valuable cargo. It was his third voyage to India, Philip, and it was to have been, if it had so pleased God, his last, for he had purchased that good ship with only part of his earnings, and one more voyage would have made his fortune. Oh, how often did we talk over what we would do upon his return, and how these plans for the future consoled me at the idea of his absence, for I loved him dearly. Philip—he was always good and kind to me and after he had sailed, how I hoped for his return! The lot of a sailor's wife is not to be envied. Alone and solitary for so many months, watching the long wick of the candle, and listening to the howling of the wind—foreboding evil and accident—wreck and widowhood. He had been gone about six months, Philip, and there was still a long, dreary year to wait before I could expect him back. One night you, my child, were fast asleep; you were my only solace, my comfort in my loneliness. I had been watching over you in your slumbers; you smiled and half pronounced the name of mother; and at last I kissed your unconscious lips, and I knelt and prayed—prayed for God's blessing on you, my child, and upon him too—little thinking, at the time, that he was so horribly, so fearfully cursed."
The widow paused for breath, and then resumed. Philip could not speak. His lips were sundered, and his eyes riveted upon his mother, as he devoured her words.
"I left you and went downstairs into that room, Philip, which since that dreadful night has never been reopened. I sat me down and read, for the wind was strong, and when the gale